

standing near the entrance to the mess hall, Lieutenant D. M. Williams and myself leaning against the sandbag barricade around Captain Myers' hut. Another shell was heard coming and it exploded near one of the balloons. Although not thinking seriously that any shrapnel would fall near us, I told the Lieutenant I was going to step inside the mess hall for protection. What made me do it was a sentence in father's letter that I had received the day before, in which he said "to take advantage of all protection." As the shell exploded that sentence flashed through my mind, and I went into the mess hall. Lieutenant Williams moved up to where I had been, which was nearer the door, and leaned against the barricade in nearly the identical spot I had just left. In a second I started to come out of the mess hall when Lieutenant McLeod said, "Wait a few seconds more, for it has hardly been time for the shrapnel to reach the ground." I stopped and got my steel helmet and just then a piece of shrapnel struck Lieutenant D. M. Williams on the head. It knocked him down, but he was up again in a second. We thought at first it was only a flesh wound but later developments showed the piece of shrapnel buried in the bone of the skull. If I had stayed at my original place when I heard the shell I would very probably have been the one to be hit. One of the Sanitary Detachment men dressed his wound, and the Colonel and I brought him to camp. Major Campbell then examined the wound and found the piece of steel in the bone. He was then sent to the Field Hospital 132, and from there to an operating hospital "somewhere in France."

The Colonel and I then rode over to Headquarters 2d Battalion for a conference with Major Lyerly. On return to camp I had to hustle to get ready for a dinner engagement with General Girdwood of the British Army. The dinner was at eight o'clock and I went with Major Reynolds (Canadian) who is the Major Commandant of this area. It was a very enjoyable dinner, both socially and appetizingly. It is the best meal I have had in a long, long time (since leaving the steamer). General A. C. Girdwood is commander of the 96th British Infantry Brigade No. Q. 166. He is a north of Ireland Irishman and very pleasant and sociable. He is in a reserve Division and while in the Proven Area he is planning amusements for the soldiers, children of the villages and towns and others. He is a good man and I believe a good soldier. We left the General's about 10